

Scrooge, Before Christmas Joy! 😊

Manna Huizar

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

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It's about a woman named Zebra Scrubbs she like Ebenezer Scrooge. Except she's very hypocritical. And she dislikes her older brother and sister. And thinks people who believe in Santa Claus are stupid. And doesn't really like christians called Jehovah's witness. And finally feels joy for once while celebrating Christmas.

Chapter 1

It was a cold chili night out in New York. I'm Zebra Scrubbs. And I don't give to the poor although I hardly feel sympathetic. It's just a waste of time and money.

By the way Christmas is near here in only what four days.? I guess. And I can't believe my neices are 10 and 11 years old.

I don't really care nobody cares about me, I might as well hang myself on my Christmas tree.

Why should I feel happy and joyful when all I feel is remorse, and depressed, and angry, and bored because I have to see my family again?

I hate Christmas. I hate seeing people jumping for joy because of Christmas. People are celebrating it for the candy in their stockings and the presents. And there is only one Santa Claus I know of and he has many names all around the world and was born on Christmas day. His is Jesus who died to make our life's new.

But it sucks. I hate my family. Well my older brother and sister anyway. My older brothers name

is Caesus. He's a dick. Sorry but it's true. I don't really want to get into details except that he's abusive in all sorts of ways. You don't want to get with him. And he's the last person on earth I want to see.

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And my older sister is pregnant and her name is Shaddy Scrubs. And she kind of has a shady attitude. Seriously she does she likes to play mind games with me. Which kind of sucks to deal with when you're a geeky girl like me being picked on at school, not to mention at home too by your older abusive brother and your shady older sister.

Those kind of people; are the kind of people you don't want to see on Christmas. Not even on Christmas Eve. Well I don't really hate them; my older brother and sister. Just very pissed off. I really honestly want an apology from them, and I want to live with my parents to be away from them. Besides I promised God I would never hate anyone again; and that promise is hard to keep.

Anyway celebrating Christmas is about celebrating Jesus' birthday with family plus that's what makes him happy on his birthday. For us to be with our families. It's not about me. God and Jesus only know how much it was so I can slap my brother and sister.

Children of this generation's parents don't even say that we are celebrating Jesus' birthday who gave us all around the world a precious gift. The gift of life. By giving his.

But no my family wants to tell me to shut up; and that it's about Santa Claus who gave candy, and toys to us around the world in one night to all little boys and girls. What bullshit I mean come on they're talking about someone like us, traveling at the speed of light; delivering toys, and candy to all the children in world, and eating all their stupid cookies, and people act like he's God. Even though he isn't.

Jesus in the other hand could do that because in the bible somewhere in bible it talks about God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit being one spiritual being and that God created the earth, stars, moon, ect,...

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So if anything Jesus is who we mean to call Santa Claus. And I pretty sure he existed before Saint Nicholas. Because you don't see Saint Nicholas in the bible in the book of Genesis. So haha. Uuuuh! My parents are coming to bother me.

“Zebra!” Anita my mom calling me to the kitchen. “Yes mom? What do you want?” As I run down the stairs as fast as I can thinking it's an emergency. My mom comes to bottom of the stairs and yells name again. “Zebra!! Come here now!” “Mom I'm already halfway down the stairs don't yell it hurts my ears.” “Don't talk back to me young lady; I'm your mother, I'm the parent!” Then as I get in front of her she doesn't move. So I'm trying to calm down right now because she's in my way of getting off the stairs so: “Huuugh, what do you need mom? Since I'm here.”

“I need you to get rid of that attitude for one. I need you to sweep the house; clean the bathroom, and wash dishes for another. And your sister is coming I need the house cleaned by the time she

gets here. We are planning on whether to do Secret Santa or only getting one for everyone.”

“Fine mom okay. Can I go and do as you just said now.” “Yes Zebra you may go. Your a very rude young woman. You better not have that attitude when you’re sister gets here.” I said “I will mom sorry.” As I’m walking to the kitchen my tells me “you should be.”

Chapter 2

And it's true what she said I should be sorry. But for some reason I'm not. But because I disappointed my mom I was. So I finished cleaning everything my mom tells me to clean. And I go to the kitchen when my mom says "Zebra your foods ready!" And I start to feel worse that I gave her attitude. Because she made me this food from the good of her heart. And it smells so delicious you could taste it. And nobody comes close to cooking like my mom does. And she also made corn bread. Mmm! Mmm! I love corn bread. And I walk to go get a fork, and a knife, and a napkin.

But I can't seem to enjoy eating it because of how mad I am at myself for giving my mom attitude. And it's almost my curfew so after I finished eating about 6 minutes past 8pm. I wash them and got ready for bed. But yeah Christmas isn't about me. It's about Jesus and family.

And yeah we should be celebrating the time Jesus came down to Earth giving us a second chance at life.

And we should be thankful and joyful for that.
And not argue about seeing others in our family.
And not argue with the family you see everyday
either.

I know I'm being hypocritical right now I admit
that. I do. I will admit that right now I am being
hypocritical.

But it's because we're not celebrating Christmas
for the right reason.

And some Christians don't celebrate Christmas
because it isn't the real day Jesus came down to
Earth.

Well I think you still should because honestly I
think it was somewhat close to Christmas because
they said he came down to Earth in January. The
month after December.

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If you don't celebrate Christmas at least celebrate New year's day.

Jeez Loois. Those Christians give me a headache sometimes. I mean I respect their beliefs. A little bit. But those Christians take it to the max.

Because they don't celebrate any holiday. Not even thanksgiving. And on that day we are supposed to celebrate giving thanks to God for letting us live a life without sin.

I forget what those kind of Christians are called. Oh wait they're called Jehovah's witness.

I keep saying to myself that one day the world would understand what Christmas is really about. What thanksgiving day is about. But it never happens. But people have different beliefs.

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So hopefully this coming Christmas. Everyone celebrates the real true meaning of Christmas. In Jesus name. In Jesus name. Amen, and Amen. And that includes myself. God only knows how much I shouldn't make Christmas about myself.

Chapter 3

I woke up super early there's three days until Christmas. I couldn't really sleep anyway. Still feeling bad about giving my mom attitude the way I did. And apparently it's 7am and I went to the bathroom and washed my hands and I look in the mirror. And a part of me says *you should be mad at yourself talking to your mom that way and there's only three days until Christmas.*

And I take a deep breath in and out. And I start to cry. But I still gotta brush my teeth. And wash my face. So yes even though I'm hypocritical; mean, rude, act like I don't have feelings, and act tough. That doesn't mean that my feelings aren't there. I'm actually more sensitive people think I am. And I grab my tooth brush put toothpaste while crying silently. Then I wash my face washing all traces of how I really feel and hide it behind a smile. Like I do every other day.

It's 2pm now my mom's told me to get dressed to buy presents about 5 minutes ago she said she wanted to leave by three.

Hmm. What should I get my nieces? I know I'll get them a cute Betsey Johnson watch. And my nephew has been asking for that Wreck It Ralph movie.

Well I bought my neices the Betsey Johnson watches. And my nephew the movie Wreck It Ralph. Costed about 60\$ all together if you include tax. The watches 14\$ and the movie Wreck It Ralph 27\$.

But I didn't care they deserve the best for being a good neices and a good nephew.

I'm just waiting for the day you came down to give me a life without sin. It's two days from now. I can't wait to see the joy on their faces.

My gosh I still haven't slept. And 4pm. "Agrrrr!" Sorry fell asleep what time is it. Dawm are you kidding me it's 4am.

It's practically Christmas the day after today. Because I practically slept all of yesterday. But it was hard to go to sleep the day before yesterday because I was excited.

Excited because I couldn't wait to see my nieces and nephew.

I haven't seen them in a long, long time. Because of my back and allergies. I have all year around bad allergies.

Having allergies sucks. It really does.

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So it's 4am in the morning. And everyone is still asleep while, I'm wide awake. I tried to go back to sleep but couldn't until my parents woke up at about what? Like 10am 'ish'.

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Finally it's morning. And everyone is here at my house. I can't wait to see their cute little faces full joy. I love giving on Christmas.

And that's the other reason I celebrate Christmas because it's a day to celebrate giving to others to receive Joy.

And Finally Lord. I understand the meaning of Joy by the look of my niece and nephews' faces. In Jesus name. AMEN.

And to those of you reading this my name is Zebra Scrubbs. And I finally understand the meaning of Joy.

The End. And have a joyful Christmas and a greatful New Year.

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